Northern Messenger

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Soul-Winning the First Duty

(Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in the 'Episcopal Recorder.')

What the Lord Jesus Christ put first, his ambassadors and servants have no right to make secondary. Our blessed Master came into this sin-cursed world to seek and to save the lost. The ministry of his apostles had almost exclusively this one aim. To convert sinful men and women to Jesus Christ by the aid of the Holy Spirit was the master purpose of Paul and all his fellow-missionaries of the cross. The great Reformation of the sixteenth century was far more than a protestation against the errors of Rome; it was a direct bringing of benighted souls to the only Saviour of sinners. The Wesleys and Whitefields, and that intellectual giant, President Edwards, made this their chief business. 'My witness is above,' said the seraphic Rutherford, 'that your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all as two salvations to me. It were my heaven even to spend this life in gathering in some souls to Christ.'

He that is wise winneth souls. This is really the chief end of the best preaching. The great commission of every preacher worthy of the name is to bring sinful men to repentance, and to a living faith in Christ Jesus and obedience to him. Whenever and wherever Christ's ministers have most intensely and unflinchingly kept this grand purpose before them, and worked up to it, there have the most powerful and permanent results been reached. The man who strives, with the Spirit's help, to save souls, is the man who actually does it; the man who does not attempt this is never likely to accomplish it. He may utter from his pulpit much valuable and quickening thought; he may aid many social reforms; he may say many eloquent and plausible things about elevating humanity, and about developing the latent good that may exist in men, etc., etc.; but he does not awaken sinners. He does not draw them to the crucified Jesus as the only sacrifice for sin, and the only name known among men whereby they can be saved. If the heart is not changed, the life will not be changed. If immortal souls are not brought to Jesus Christ by the truth and the accompanying Spirit, what is to become of them? The issue is—Jesus Christ or perdition! Every true minister is stationed at the parting of the ways, and his supreme office is to point men and win them to eternal life in Jesus Christ. An archangel could not covet a higher or a happier office.

THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS--SEE HIS WONDERS IN THE DEEP.

—'Toilers of the Deep.

A Girl Chaplain in a Laundry

(The 'Sunday Companion.')

There is a large laundry near Harrow where between thirty and forty young women are employed, and these are accommodated with a rough dining-room at the rear of the drying-sheds, as they are obliged to bring their breakfast and tea with them, leaving the laundry only for the midday meal.

One morning a fresh, bright-looking 'new hand' appeared. She was an ironer, and set about her work briskly, singing as she ironed and goffered. Presently the girls went to their dining-room, and Maria, the new girl, taking her food-basket, followed.

Setting her meal before her on the long deal table, she rose, and, putting her hands together, she said in a reverent tone:

'For health and strength and daily food we praise Thy Name, O Lord.'

There was a sudden silence in the room, until one girl at the far end drawled out 'Ah-men,' which was followed by a burst of laughter.

Then began a shower of taunts and cutting speeches.

'Were you brought up in a charity school?' asked one.

'No!' answered Maria stoutly. 'Why?'

'Leave her alone,' said another girl. 'She is a Diamond Jubilee saint, and, like the Queen, she says "I will be good" all by herself, without the help of any charity school.'

And so throughout the day the tormenting was followed with zest, until, as tea-time approached, one timid-looking girl crept near Maria and whispered:

'Do you say your grace at tea-time?'

'Yes, of course,' answered Maria.

'Then do say it to yourself, and the girls will leave you alone, perhaps,' suggested the friendly girl.

'What! And let them think I am afraid of them?' asked Maria. 'Not much; I am not soft enough to be dented by any words

they can throw at me. Besides, I have got a Rock at my back.'

'Got a what?' asked the timid girl.

'Why, you see, God is on my side, and so I have a Rock at my back.'

And so again the grace was repeated aloud.

For many days, and even weeks, the taunting continued; but Maria showed no signs of faltering; she had indeed 'set her face like a flint'; and at last it became a recognized thing for all the girls to wait for Maria's grace. Some even went so far as to close their eyes during the recital; and one day, when Maria was absent, the very girl who had received the first grace with a drawling 'Ah-men' astonished the others by announcing:

'Look here, girls, I am sub-chaplain while Maria is away.'

After a pause the girl repeated reverently:

'For health and strength and daily food we praise Thy Name, O Lord.'

Isn't this a grand lesson to timid Christians?

Powerless Prayer.

(Rev. S. W. Trousdale, D.D., Platteville, Wis., in the 'Northwestern Advocate.')

A professing Christian quarrelled with a sinner whom he wished to pay him what was due on rent. The sinner refused, and before they separated each had lost his temper and used unseemly words. In the evening both were at the revival meeting in the church. They sat on opposite sides, well to the front. When opportunity for voluntary prayer was given the Christian knelt and prayed that the Lord would convert and save sinners. The sinner sat upright in his place, saying to himself: 'You old hypocrite!' There wasn't any power in that Christian's prayer that night to convince the sinner of his need of a Saviour. From the time, however, the Christian had lost his temper and quarrelled with the sinner he had felt guilty. Before coming to meeting that night he had been to the Lord and confessed and asked his forgiveness. Could he go to the sinner, sinned against, and confess to him? All the old Adam there was in him said 'No!' The new Adam said 'Yes!' The new Adam was the stronger, as he is in every truly regenerated heart. The Christian went to the sinner, confessed his haste, asked his pardon and offered to make reparation if he had injured him in any way. When the sinner saw the Christian do that which he never thought of doing, although he was the greater sinner and the real offender, he began to make his confession, how he was at fault, and asked the Christian's pardon, and in a few nights after was at the altar seeking to know the Lord, whom he had seen sanctified in an erring but penitent brother, who confessed his sin to man as well as unto God.

Moral: If Christians would be a power to win others to Christ we must be as ready to confess our sins to men sinned against or before as we are to confess to God.

There are thousands of cases of paralysis, heart and lung difficulties, besides numerous other difficulties that are caused by breathing air poisoned by tobacco. In fact, smoking is a habit that sometimes kills one's friends even faster than one's self.

Post Office Crusade.

NOTES.

The subscriptions for the 'Northern Messenger,' to be sent out from the office in connection with the Post-office crusade are all paid up until December. After that date a number fall due. Many subscribers may wish to renew.

Mrs. Cole acknowledges, with thanks, three dollars from Miss Lizzie Harrison, New Brunswick, for the P. O. Crusade.

Miss Dunhill is particularly anxious that every one shall put their name and address on parcels sent to her. She has been receiving, unfortunately, some infidel literature.

Disadvantages of Excuses.

(The 'Advocate.')

Excuses are sometimes valid and necessary. These are rare, however. But excuses for rejecting religion are never valid and never valuable. They hurt the person offering them. They do no good to anybody. They shut many rich blessings out from the heart and life. Persons addicted to the habit of making excuses should ponder the following:

1. We can excuse ourselves out of all the best blessings that God can bestow upon manly men.

2. Excusing ourselves from the duty demanded also excuses us from the promised reward.

3. He who is expert in excuses is lame in effort.

4. The habit of making excuses robs the heart of courage.

5. Satan always helps an unfaithful person to find ample excuses.

6. Never was a good and valid excuse given for rejecting Christ.

7. To claim that one cannot be what the gospel requires him to be, is an insult to God. Mr. Moody once said to his large congregation, 'If any of you have a good reason for not accepting Christ, you will not be condemned at last. Write it out. Hang it on your walls. Cherish it. Take it with you to the judgment. It will be your Saviour.' Reasons have weight with him, but excuses carry with them his righteous condemnation.

Children and Churchgoing.

(By the Rev. Theodore Y. Cuyler, D.D., in 'New York Evangelist.')

Statistics carefully collected prove that the regular attendance at church—both in the cities and the rural regions—is not increasing. In many localities there is a lamentable decrease. This is partially to be accounted for by the falling off in the attendance of the children. That a vast number of children who seldom or never attend the preaching service belong to the Sabbath school is very true. Now I yield to no man in admiration and advocacy of a well-managed Sabbath school, but I have always protested against giving it the false name of 'the children's church.' It is no such thing; it is only one spiritual department in every properly organized church. Attendance upon the Sabbath school can never be defended as a proper substitute for attendance upon the regular services of public worship—especially for all those who have outgrown the 'infant department.'

It is to be borne in mind that the habit of going to church must be formed in childhood if it is formed at all. It must also be remembered that the most favorable time for impressing vital truth upon the heart and for winning the heart to Christ is in the early morning of life. In spite of these two most palpable facts it is also a most painful and indisputable fact that the average attendance of children upon the service of public worship is steadily decreasing.

In this matter of church attendance the parent and the pastor must combine. The parents should require and expect the children to accompany them to God's house as much as to sit at their table for daily food in their own houses. The pastor should endeavor to attract the young to church by making his sermons simple in language, earnest in delivery and interesting with illustrations. Very few sermons are fit to be preached at all which are utterly beyond the comprehension of an average boy of ten or twelve years old. Such a boy does not relish baby talk any more than he needs to be fed from a nurse's bottle. Grown people, in turn, relish fresh, vivid, simple, earnest, practical preaching as much as their children do. Some ministers are accustomed to deliver a brief sermon to children before their regular discourse. Most ministers, however, must rely on the single sermon's reaching both the old and the young. Therefore let them have the young in their eye as well as their older auditors when they prepare their sermons. The Bible is the book for children in the Sunday school; is it any less so when it is explained, expounded and enforced in the pulpit? Our children eat the same food with their parents at the table; why cannot they be fed with the same spiritual food if the minister has the good sense and the grace to prepare it? 'Preaching up to this age' is a will-o'-the-wisp; the human heart is just what it always was, and God's heavenly message must come down to it, in all simplicity, burning earnestness ,and winsome love. Pastors and parents, the children must be reached, must be brought to church, and must be saved. Cold, dry, and formal services will kill any church. Warm, earnest practical services—both in sermon, song and prayer—will bring old and young to church and bring down the blessings of the Holy Spirit.

A Life Experience Verified.

In connection with the death last summer of the Rev. Chas. A. Fox, the 'Poet of the Keswick Movement,' the following little poem will be read with interest, particularly by those who are passing through trial or suffering.

For more than six months previous to his death in December, Mr. Fox suffered intensely from cancer in the face:

I.

(Written some years ago.)

Ah, He knoweth; ah, He loveth!
Master, never let me go!
Every wound Thy skill fresh proveth,
Every cloud conceals Thy bow.

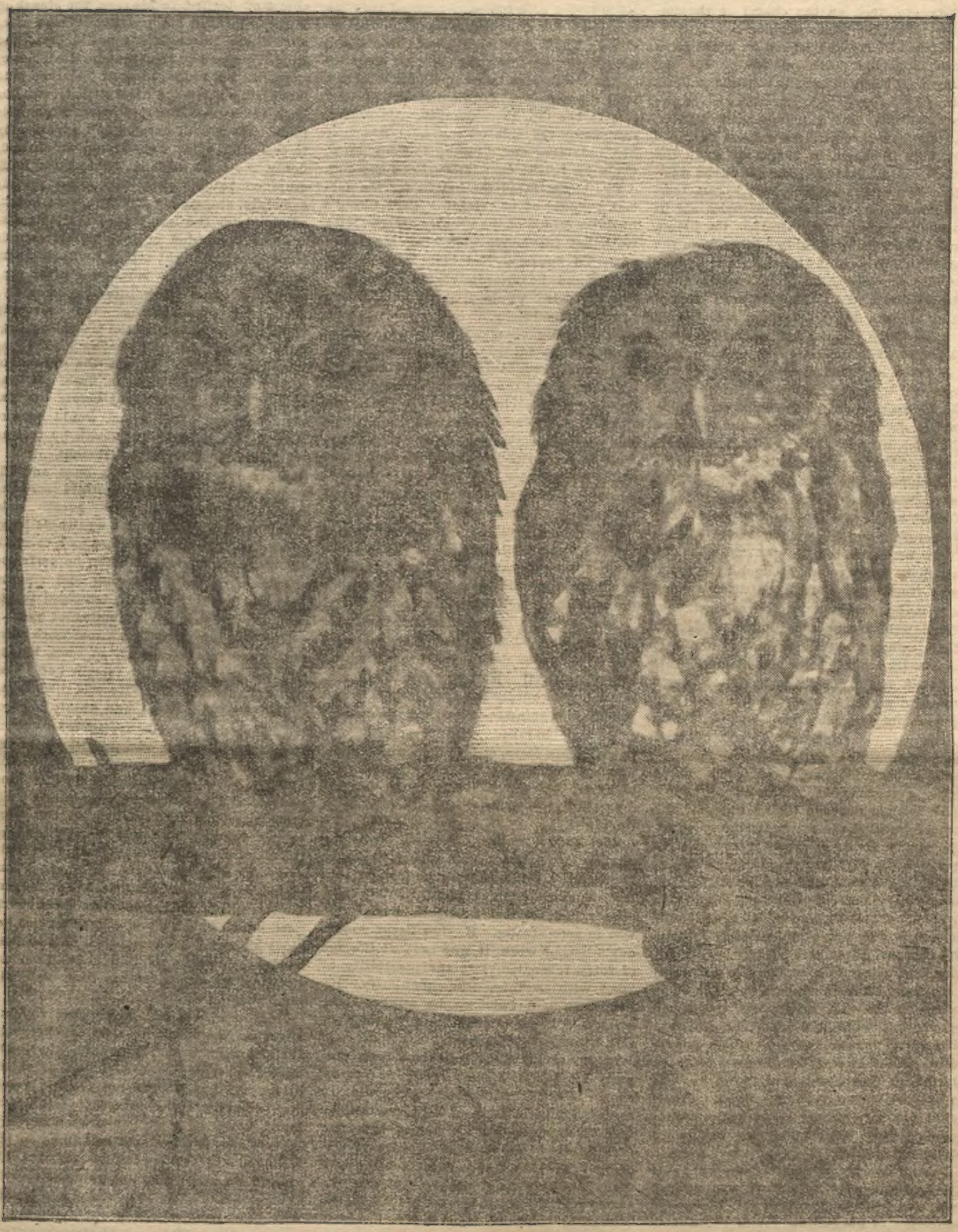
II.

(Verified To-day.)

Yes, To-day needs nothing newer,
This brief record burns like fire:
Old truth but flames forth the truer,
As He draws still nigher, nigher.
Sweet His whisper, Come and rest,
Wrecked outright on Jesus' breast!

—Charles A. Fox.

BOYS AND GIRLS



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: NO. XXIII.—TAWNY OWLS.
By Lascelles & Co., 13, Fitzroy Street, in 'Illustrated London News.'

The tawny owl is an inhabitant of the woods, and nests in holes of trees, as a rule; whereas its cousin, the barn-owl, is more civilized, and follows man as he clears the forest and builds his log cabin, with its accompanying mice and rats.

Tsui Ching's Great Idea

(By Theodora Marshall Inglis, in Presbyterian Banner.')

PART I.

Surely nothing in the atmosphere led Tsui Ching into his questionable line of thought. It was early in December, but early December in North China is like few other seasons the world over. There is an absence of that crisp exhilaration found in colder climates perhaps, but it is balmy, mystical and delightful, nevertheless; few storms, rarer snows, only the silent change of foliage; the loosening petals of the rose clinging to its branch until late in November, mark the transition from fall to winter.

On this day, as on many preceding, the air was mild and clear; not the faintest breeze lifted the ever-ready dust in the court-yards or stirred among the faded oaks and evergreens. Outside the great Au Ting Gate and off the travelled roads

a mellow beauty clung to the hill-slope and ruined temple wall, Even the barren ancestral mounds, half hidden in groves of evergreen, took on the charm of the impenetrable, the unsearchable.

If Tsui Ching had looked he could have seen from his perch on top of the Au Ting wall the green tiled roofs of the Temple of Earth and the repaired breech in the Temple wall, where, in the early sixties, the English once placed a cannon with the laudable intention of battering down the north wall of Peking. Farther to the west, the yellow roofs of the great Llama temple flamed through yews, centuries old in growth. Stretching towards the Llama temple and immeasurably higher, rose the beautiful western hills, the eastern continuation of the Ala Shan range; their slopes shrouded in the pale mist of distance, a soft, intangible mist which half concealed the rugged outlines and charmed the sight it baffled.

A train of camels passed below by the wall and took the narrow path leading to the Llama Temple. Their masters, journeying down from Mongolia for purposes of trade, did not wish to miss the opportunity of burning incense before the shrine of Buddha. The broad, soft feet of the beasts sank deep in the dirt path, clouds of dust arose at times hiding from view the rough Mongols on their backs. These riders were dressed in gay silks, satins and dirty furs; rough Mongol hats flared away from coarse, bestial features, tanned to a mahogony hue by the eastern sun. They laughed and chatted loudly with each other, swaying back and forth on their camels, like small boats out at sea. Now and then one of the proud nostriled beasts uttered a plaintive cry, the bells on their necks struck resonantly. But only the echoes reached the great height of wall where Tsui Ching sat.

The calvacade passed on and out of sight, over undulating swells of yellow earth with which the tawny hides of the camels blended almost indistinguishably. The merry tinkle of donkey bells floated up from the city streets, birds twittered about on the wall, and overhead, whistles fastened in the tails of pigeons gave forth a whirring moaning, musical sound, now near, now far, but ever insistent. Above the pigeons, three cloud-ships lay at anchor in as languid a sea as ever becalmed a mariner, three belated ghost ships overtaken by the day, motionless, untouched by passing wind and with the sunlight sifting earthward through their porous sails. All this rare loveliness was above and about Tsui Ching, but China has yet to produce a Wordsworth. Tsui Ching could not be expected to notice anything so materially unprofitable as beauty of sight and sound.

By-and-by he dropped from his seat on the high outer balustrade and walked back and forth in deep thought. There was no danger of his falling, for in addition to the balustrade that flanked each side,—the wall at its narrowest was forty feet broad—at the buttresses set every sixty feet in its length, seventy or more. An incline of brick, stone and dirt ran from the ground to the top of the wall. Up this the man had climbed. His donkey, tied to the old gate which enclosed the incline below, pricked up his ears occasionally in anxious anticipation. But his master's thoughts were far from ill-used donkeys and the little animal coming to this or like conclusion, browsed about among the rocks and dirt, catching at dry grass blades and munching upon them with eyes closed in relish over such tit bits.

He was so occupied with this that he took little notice of a boy who crawled through a hole in the gate and walked up the incline. The boy was followed by a black goat that disdaining this humble entrance to elevation clambered up the side of the wall almost the entire distance of fifty feet to the top, then changing his course, ran along the side of the wall, his tiny hoofs striking and clinging to the narrow, shelving bricks in a marvellous manner.

The boy climbed the height for the special purpose of ascertaining Tsui Ching's business on top of the usually deserted city wall, but the man's glowering face and powerful figure turned him from his inquiries,and he immediately fell to gathering the dried weeds sticking in the dirt between the bricks.

Tsui Ching observed him and moved slowly, threateningly in his direction. The boy became suddenly convinced that his object on top of the wall was accomplished, for he turned, clucked to his goat, and ran pell mell down as he had come, spilling his load on the way. At the base of the wall he turned to look back. The man was following silently, the boy's fears increased, and with a terrified cry, he vanished through the broken gate.

Tsui Ching smiled. Men sometimes trusted Tsui until he smiled. This smile —what was it? Rare certainly, as from one who knew his betraying trait; a slow drawing back of thin lips from jagged wolf-like fangs, an almost imperceptible dilation of cruel nostrils and the narrowing of eyes into dark slits through which the very devil gleamed suddenly forth. His laughter rarely followed, wordless and soundless it sometimes writhed within him contorting his body and face strangely, twisting his features into demoniacal likeness. However, few but his wife had ever observed his laugh. She, poor woman, dreaming of it, often awoke shuddering in the night.

Tsui Ching walked on down, took his donkey by the bridle and turned his steps homeward. He did not think long on this last pleasant little episode for his own affairs had reached a serious crisis. He was in sore straits. Having never done a day's honest work, it was hard at the age of forty to contemplate the possibility of labor with anything like equanimity. But now turn and twist as he might, there seemed to be no alternative without great risk of personal freedom.

In his younger days he had been properly ambitious in the line of his profession. When but nineteen years old, in company with a band of highwaymen, he had, in broad daylight, helped to storm and rob a bank of considerable importance. But the fool-hardiness of youth made him careless of discovery and he was soon caught, identified and placed in the Yamen or prison.

Tsui had every reason to fear a death sentence, in fact he wished for it. He was forced, among other punishments, to lie face downward while two huge Manchues beat him with bamboo staves across the back and legs. Raw and bleeding from this, he was cast into a filthy dungeon with many older and worse criminals. Here he was half-crazed with vermin, and when able he snatched what food he could from the common trough into which it was poured like swill.

One rainy day the guards dragged him fainting into the courtyard. A murderer was being sliced to death near him, but Tsui Ching could not notice for the horrible pain across his own back; there was a sound of sizzling in his ears, the stench of burning flesh in his nostrils. Shriek after shriek tore through his pallid lips, and then it seemed to him that he died. Later, however, he found himself clothed and wandering about the dark city streets. His back stung and smarted with intolerable pain. He paused once to ask a passer-by, to tell him what was wrong, when suddenly the truth flashed through his half-stupified intelligence. Throwing up his arms and staggering forward, Tsui laughed aloud for the last time, a horrible discordant succession of inarticulate sounds that woke the night echoes and sent them flying from side to side—peal after peal rang out, penetrating into narrow alleys and by-streets—rousing the sleeping watchmen and sending the trembling beggars farther into the shadow. Ask? he would never ask. It was the brand of 'thief' burned deep into his flesh. If ever caught again and brought before the Yamen magistrate the brand would convict him of past offences and death by torture would be his certain punishment.

When recovered from his burn and ill-usage, he had certain delicate scruples against undertaking any great risk. Glory and visions of stolen wealth no longer allured him. He therefore took to small affairs along his chosen line; he perfected a system of petty thieving and squeezing, and by dint of skill, managed to get comfortably through a number of years.

The first few years he secured work from foreigners in the capacity of cook, but he was not adept enough to forever baffle suspicion and detection. He was discharged from place after place, and finally boycotted altogether by the foreigners. From them he went to his own people, but in the course of years suspicion fell upon him again. They refused to employ him and he was glad to escape from them and their threats. Thus it happened on this particular day that he found himself without the shadow of employment, where he could carry his old practices into execution. 'What to do, what to do?' was the problem. He turned his donkey into the little courtyard which held several other families besides his own. He fastened it in a roofless shed at the back of the house, then returning, sat down on his door step and pondered.

He could hear his wife's feet tapping about on the brick floor as she prepared the afternoon food. Now and then she looked through doors, a picture of sullen discontent, but she did not speak a greeting to her husband. Her expression softened, however, when it fell upon the boy. Marvellous, too, how the evil lines on the father's face relaxed as he watched his child. He was a tiny fat youngster, with shining black eyes, two wee pig tails tied with red string, sticking out horizontally over his ears. His mouth invariably dirty and smiling—not Tsui Ching's smile, but a clear ripple of mirth that transformed the pudgy features into something beautiful to see, and better than this, his smile often broke into laughter, delicious little cooes, gurgles, squeaks and squeals, so filled with joy and gladness, so replete with good nature, that everyone who heard smiled in return. The cross, old shop-man at the corner saw his roguish face peering in at his door one day, but before he could raise his hand to drive him away, the boy laughed. His mother following

soon, found him on the shop-keeper's polished counter being served with tea by one of the clerks, while the master looked on, unconscious that the child's bright smile was reflected on his own grim features.

The question of clothes did not trouble the youngster. In summer, he ran naked, save for a small handkerchief-like affair tied in diamond fashion around his stomach, and the upper point fastened with strings around his neck. This winter day he wore blue cotton-padded calico garments, which stuck out around him as though tied on a small barrel. His upper garment was shining from chin to hem with grease and dirt. The latter was of no consequence, and the presence of the grease most laudable; it proved that the father gave the hai-tsi plenty of fat meat to eat, and truth to tell, quantities of good English butter from foreign store-rooms had slipped down into Cher Ku's capacious little stomach, which was capable of amazing distension more and ever more.

Of the Kuniangs, or girls,that Mrs. Tsui had given birth to, why should we trouble to mention them? Of what use are girls in a poor man's family? Only to eat their father's food; they bring in nothing whatever unless the slave-dealer fancies them. Whereas, a son will help his father in age and bring home a wife to serve his parents.

Mrs. Tsui's boy was her only child; the neighbors had heard Tsui revile his wife for giving birth to useless girls, but these girls they had never seen. Once in the night old Mrs. Ku, who lived just across the courtyard, was certain that she heard a new-born baby's wail coming from the Tsui quarters, but in the morning, when she made an excuse of borrowing a cup of hot water for her tea, there was no new baby in sight. This should have convinced Mrs. Ku of her mistake, but the sight of Tsui's wife sitting weak and red-faced on the edge of the kang, only confirmed her suspicions. She shook her gray head ominously and avoided Tsui Ching more than ever.

Perhaps the old man who drives the ox-cart about Peking streets in the red of early dawn and whose business it is to pick up all the dead babies that he finds laid by the roadway and bury them in a heap outside the city wall—perhaps he could tell something, if he would. He could relate how two or three times, faint cries had issued from the little straw covered bundles that he had found in front of Tsui's court. 'But what sin to the gods if a father wants to be rid of an extra girl or two? They never cry long anyway in the back of the cart, such young things never do.' Sometimes after Tsui's reviling on this subject his wife's eyes and face would be swollen with weeping, but she never volunteered an explanation even to her kind and curious neighbor, Mrs. Ku. Her tears may have been because of her husband's anger, the disgrace of bearing daughters instead of sons, or perhaps it was the inherent mother in her calling for her children.

(To be continued.)

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How Muriel Spent Her Vacation.

(Emily S. Windsor, in the 'Standard.')

The Leslies had been accustomed to pass their summers at the seaside; the middle of June had always found them installed in a picturesque little house overlooking an arm of the Chesapeake Bay. Here they remained till the last of September. Mr. Leslie did not own the house, but they had gone to it for so many seasons that it seemed a part of their belongings.

So, one day in spring, when Mr. Leslie announced that, owing to heavy business losses during the winter, they would not be able to go to The Ripples as usual, great was the consternation of Muriel and Dick.

'Do you mean, father, that we must stay in the city all summer?' exclaimed Muriel. Why, of all her sixteen years of life she could not remember one summer when she and Dick had not passed long, delightful days on the beach watching the great waves roll in, or half burying themselves in the warm sand.

'That is what we must do,' answered Mr. Leslie, quietly.

Dick began a low whistle of dismay, but desisted at a quick glance from his mother.

'But, father, how can we? We have always gone to the seaside. We have never spent a summer in town. It will be dreadful.'

'There are many people who always have done it, Muriel,' said Mr. Leslie, gravely.

'But they are used to it, and we are not.'

'My dear, it is useless for us to discuss it. It is impossible for us to leave the city this summer, so we'll not say any more about it.'

'Then will some one else have The Ripples this summer, father?' asked Dick.

'I suppose so,' answered his father. 'My lease expired last fall.'

Nothing more was said on the subject at that time, but later in the day Muriel said to her mother, 'I don't see why we can't go. I have often heard father say that it did not cost so much to live there as in the city.'

'That is true,' returned Mrs. Leslie. 'But there are two reasons. The rent of The Ripples would be an extra expense, and while we could perhaps manage that, your father cannot leave the office, and I would not go without him. You would not wish to do that, would you?'

'No, of course not,' said Muriel, hastily. 'But it will be so dreary in the city. All our friends will be away.'

'It won't be so bad, dear. Our house is large and airy, and we have a nice garden,' said Mrs. Leslie, cheerfully.

'Yes, but no surf bathing, or fishing, or boating. And we won't even have any drives, since father is going to sell the horses and carriage.' And Muriel looked very disconsolate.

'My dear, we must try to make the best of it,' said her mother, gravely. 'I am sorry that you are taking it in this way,' and she looked so sad that Muriel felt ashamed and resolved that she would try not to be unhappy over their 'spoilt summer.'

But this resolution was severely tested when, a couple of weeks later, Dick announced at the tea table one evening that one of his teachers in the high school was going on a walking tour during the vacation, accompanied by a number of students, and that he was invited to join the party.

Mr. Leslie at once gave his consent to the trip.

'We'll have a great time,' said Dick, enthusiastically. 'Professor Ransom is a splendid old fellow. Some of the boys are going for botanical specimens and some for geological specimens.'

'Well,' said Mr. Leslie, 'you are not up in either geology or botany. What are you going for?'

Dick laughed. 'Oh, I'm going for a good time.'

Muriel silently listened as her brother went on enumerating, all the things that they expected to do while on their tramp.

'And I have to stay at home,' she thought. 'It's just a shame.'

Her feeling of discontent deepened after her brother had gone with the walking party and all of her girl friends had taken their different ways for the summer. The weather was warm; the days seemed long and monotonous.

She wished that something would happen. And something did happen—something more delightful than anything she could have imagined. The postman brought her a letter one day from her cousins in New York. They were starting the following week for a trip around the northern lakes. It was to be a leisurely one, with stops at various points, and they were not to return till the latter part of September. They were making the trip at the invitation of one of the owners of the steamboat, and they wished her to be one of the party. A check was enclosed to pay her expenses to Buffalo, where she was to meet them. They asked her to answer immediately. Muriel almost screamed with delight. What a wonderful thing to happen to her. She had always wanted to see the great lakes. Why, it was better even than spending the summer at The Ripples.

She wished that her mother were at home so that she could answer the letter at once, but she had gone out to remain till late in the afternoon. While Muriel was sure that her parents would willingly allow her to go with her cousins, she felt that it was but proper to consult them before writing her acceptance of the invitation. She felt too excited to remain in the house. She had some money left from her last month's allowance; she would go down town and buy some fresh ribbons and gloves which she would need in her trip. So, after putting on a fresh and dainty cotton gown, she set out.

There had been a thunderstorm the previous night which had left the air deliciously cool and crisp. She walked slowly, her mind full of pleasant thoughts and anticipations. She had not gone far when she heard her name called and, looking around, saw a gentleman in a buggy reining in his horse by the curbstone. It was Dr. Brown, their family physician. Muriel went over to him.

'How is your father to-day?' he asked.

Muriel looked at him in surprise. 'Father is not sick,' she answered.

The doctor gave her a peculiar glance from his piercing grey eyes.

'No? Then I suppose that the medicine that I gave him the other day helped him.'

'I have not heard anything about it,' said Muriel, in increasing wonder.

Dr. Brown gave her another searching look. 'No?' he said in a careless tone. 'He dropped into the office one day. Ah—pleasant after the rain, isn't it?' and drove off.

A vague feeling of uneasiness took possession of Muriel as she walked on. How odd that her father should be sick, and she not know it; but she winced as she remembered that she had been too much engrossed lately by her own feelings of discontent to notice other people. She heard her mother remonstrating with her father for working so hard, for going so early to the office and remaining so late, and had heard him say that as he now could not keep a clerk he was obliged to do so. How queerly Dr. Brown had looked at her. As she thought of it her uneasiness increased. All thought of the errand upon which she had come out passed from her mind. A church clock striking five reminded her that the afternoon was waning, and a sudden thought came to her. She would go to her father's office and walk home with him.

Muriel found her father busy over a lot of papers. He looked up in surprise as she entered.

'Are you soon going home, father? I am going to wait for you.'

Mr. Leslie looked pleased. 'Oh, are you? That is nice. I'll just finish this and come. Go in the other room and wait for me.'

From the little inner room Muriel had a good view of her father. She noticed for the first time how pale and worn he was. There were heavy lines in his face, and a gleam of white hair around his temples. The latter gave her a little shock. Those had come lately.

The office was close and stuffy. It was no wonder, she thought, that he looked pale, confined as he was there so many hours a day. A great wave of shame swept over her as she thought of her bitter discontent of the past weeks—and she had passed the time comfortably in their great, airy house and shady garden, with no more serious care than that of finding means of amusement. From the crowd of thoughts that surged through Muriel's mind during that half hour spent in waiting for her father was born a firm resolution. Nothing could induce her to leave home. This was followed by another which she decided to carry out at once. What a selfish girl she had been!

Mr. Leslie agreed with Muriel that to walk home would be pleasanter than to take the crowded trolley car. They strolled along in leisurely fashion.

'Father,' said Muriel, presently, 'can't I come down to the office with you every day and help you? I'm sure that I could soon learn to do things, and you know that we had a course of bookkeeping at school this year.'

'Help me—why, my dear—' began Mr. Leslie in surprise.

Muriel put her hand on his arm. 'Yes, you must have me for your clerk,' she said, gaily.

'My dear, are you in earnest?'

'Of course I am. Why, it will be lots of fun. Of course, I'll make mistakes at first, but I will try so hard to do things right. Then you will not need to stay so late or go so early.'

Mr. Leslie gave Muriel a look that made her feel very happy, though he said gravely, 'My dear, you could not stand it—the close office in this warm weather, and—'

Muriel interrupted him quickly. 'Now, father, you mustn't make another objection. I am going to try, and I know that I shall do splendidly. And just think what fine times we shall have going down together in the morning, going out to lunch, and then coming home in the evening. And as for standing it—just look at me. You know that I am never sick.'

At that moment Muriel was certainly the picture of health, her cheeks a glowing pink, her blue eyes shining. Mr. Leslie had never been prouder of his pretty daughter than at that moment. He gave the hand on his arm a tender pressure.

'Well, dear, you may try.'

They walked on in happy silence until, just as they were near home, Muriel said hesitatingly, 'Father, don't you feel well? I met Dr. Brown to-day, and he asked me how you were, and—' Her voice faltered, and the tears came into her eyes.

Her father gave her a quick look. 'Why, my dear little girl! I'm sorry that Brown said anything to worry you. I was a little tired, and it was so warm. I feel better, and I shall soon be all right, now that you are going to lighten my work so much.' Then after a silence he said gravely:

'Muriel, you must not say anything about it to your mother, for it would worry her.'

Muriel wrote to her cousins that evening, inclosing their cheque, and gratefully declining their invitation. It was not for many months after that her parents knew of her having received it.

Bob's Gymnasium Ticket.

'Mother, can't I buy a ticket to the gymnasium for this summer?' asked Rob Royse, twisting the door-knob and looking at her anxiously.

'How much does it cost?'

'Four dollars; but that includes baths and—and just lots of things.'

'Could your little brother go in on your ticket?'

'No, of course not, but'—

'Then I am sure we can't afford it, Rob,' she said, firmly.

'But, mother, I need it so! I'm all stooped over and weak-armed, and thin as a rail,' he pleaded.

Mrs. Royse sighed, for what Rob said was true, and her great anxiety was to see her two boys grow strong and straight; still, they could hardly afford the four dollars just now, and she could not give to one and not to the other. So she answered, quietly:

'Alden needs it too, dear,' adding after a pause, 'I wonder if we could not have a gymnasium of our own?'

'If we had a big barn like Skillman's we could, but we can't stand up in our coalshed!'

'What about the back yard—an out-door gymnasium?'

'That big, old, bare lot!' he exclaimed.

'Yes; it needs to be big and bare, and the high fence around it is just the thing. The apple tree will make a fine hold for our swinging ropes, and we can easily fix up the place for basket ball, horizontal bars and all those things.'

'And we'll have swinging ladders,' put in Rob, suddenly all enthusiasm, 'and Dollard Wright has a pair of saw-horses he'll give us. Say, mother, wouldn't it be nice to have Dollard in our gym?'

Mrs. Royse looked dubious. 'We don't want a crowd of boys here—it would soon give us trouble; but three would make it nicer than two, so if you promise to ask no one else you may have him in it.'

'And between us we have money enough to buy our Indian clubs right off. Mayn't I go over and tell him about it?'

Away he bounded, leaving his mother smiling over her work and planning eagerly how to transform the ugly back yard into a first-class gymnasium.

'I'll make them a floor mat by sewing together those two old mattresses in the attic and covering them with denim. It can be kept in the lattice porch at night. The best thing about the plan is that the boys are developing their muscles and they are in the open air at the same time, and are happy at home where I can be with them. Maybe I will get a little physical culture myself!' laughed the wise little woman, patting the finished sewing as if it had originated the idea.

That night the charter members of the Royse gymnasium held a caucus, as Rob called it, in the family sitting-room, and the most enthusiastic member of all was Mr. Royse himself.

'The first thing we must do will be to rake and clean the yard till it looks like new,' he said, with a boyish laugh. 'Then I'll see that the ropes are up good and strong, while you boys fix the other what-you-may-call-'ems. If a punching bag doesn't cost too much we will have one in the corner.'

This was greeted with cheers, Dollard exclaiming, 'O let me buy that! Father was going to give me a gym ticket and I'll just take the four dollars to get apparatus. Isn't it lucky that school is out next week?'

'And that to-morrow's Saturday!' added Alden.

'We can invent so many nice games with the apparatus,' Dollard said, thoughtfully.

'I know one already,' cried Alden, 'It's to put a tin can—an opened one, you know—on the end of a pole, and see how many times you can throw it up and catch it on the pole again. It takes lots of practice!'

The older boys smiled somewhat contemptuously over this, but Mrs. Royse hastened to declare that it would be fine training for the muscles of the back. Although they tried it next day 'simply for Alden's sake,' Rob and Dollard got plenty of fun out of the tin cans during that jolly summer.

Indeed, the whole gymnasium was a grand success. To be sure, no grass grew in the Royse's back yard that year; but there are many things better than grass or even a pretty lawn. The boys, who spent hours and hours there, developed some respectably big muscles, and became very skilful in their games. And since there were only three of them and it takes four to play most games, Mrs. Royse was often coaxed to leave her work and join them.

When she declared she was 'getting more physical culture than the housework could stand,' the boys resolved to help. They washed dishes, made beds, swept rooms, and, in fact, as Dollard said, they 'turned girl so that she could turn boy when the work was done.'

'We're a Mutual Aid Society,' she explained to Mr. Royse, while Alden whispered, confidentially: 'Do you know, father, I never used to love mother as much as I do now. She's so jolly and always plays so fair!' . . .

When fall came Mrs. Wright kindly offered the use of her big attic for the winter, and here, though somewhat hampered by low rafters, the boys continued their muscle training.

'Are you satisfied with your summer's

gymnasium ticket, Rob?' asked Mrs. Royse with a bright smile as she helped him gather up his schoolbooks on the opening day.

'Well, I guess so!' he exclaimed heartily. 'And it didn't cost four dollars either, did it?'

'No. Do you notice how sturdy Alden has grown during the summer? He looks like a different boy.'

'Sure enough! And Dollard and I have got biceps like a blacksmith's. Just feel that! I tell you, mother, it's funny that every boy doesn't get up a gym of his own. Don't you think so?'—'The American Boy.'

Master of Himself.

That was a unique way in which Mr. Smith, a merchant of an Eastern city, in want of a boy, is said to have tested the young applicants who came to him. He put a sign in the window: 'Wanted, a Boy; Wages, $4; $6 to the Right One.'

As each applicant appeared, the merchant asked, 'Can you read?' Then he took the boy into a quiet room, gave him an open book, and bade him read without a break until told to stop.

When the reading had been going on for a few minutes, Mr. Smith dropped a book to the floor and then rose and moved certain articles about the room. This was sufficient to pique the curiosity of some of the candidates. They looked up, lost their place on the page, blundered, and the merchant said:

'You may stop. I shall not need you at present. I want a boy who is master of himself.'

If the reader was undisturbed by Mr. Smith's movements, a lot of roguish puppies were tumbled out of a basket and encouraged to frolic about the floor. This proved too much for most of the boys. They looked, hesitated, and were dismissed.

Boy after boy underwent the same treatment until over thirty had been tried and had failed to control their curiosity. At length, one morning, a boy read steadily on without manifesting any desire to look at the puppies.

'Stop!' said the merchant finally, 'Did you see those puppies?'

'No, sir,' replied the boy. 'I could not see them and read, too.'

'You knew they were there?'

'Yes, sir.'

'All right. I think you will suit me,' said the merchant. 'Come to-morrow. Your wages will start at $4, and if you prove master of yourself, as I think you will, you shall have $6, perhaps more.'

It was not many weeks before the wages were $6, and promotions followed. Now the young man fills a high position in the store.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

John's Mother.

(By Minna Stanwood, in 'Wellspring.')

'Phillis! Phillis!' called out the girl who was sitting at the little table on the piazza, surrounded by half a dozen young men, 'I've shown the boys all the pictures we took on the Vermont trip, and they have pronounced them all good, every one of them. They didn't dare to do anything else, and, besides, they couldn't and be truthful. Now Will Carberry is begging to see the picture of "John's Mother." He says he wants to see if it looks like her.'

The tall, clean-shaven young man with brown hair turned quickly to the girl in the hammock, who was listening contentedly to the talk of her brother's friends about their Adirondack camping trip. She looked up in surprise.

'And pray, how would Will Carberry know whether it looked like "John's Mother" or not?' she demanded. Then she laughed, good-naturedly. 'Oh, that's just one of Bee's jokes, of course. But if you really care to see it, Will, I'll show it to you. It's in my portfolio in the sitting-room.'

'You see,' explained Phillis, as she walked into the house with Will Carberry, 'I didn't put it in with the other pictures because I had a kind of a queer feeling about that one after I had snapped it. I felt that I had no right to it, really, because it seemed to tell so much of the woman's heart. It has been sort of a sacred picture to me, and I couldn't put it out for everybody to handle and joke about. I suppose you think that's queer, don't you?'

The girl looked up rather shyly, but the young man was not smiling. Indeed, he looked very sober, and his tone was quite grave, although he spoke gallantly. 'I know Miss Phillis Rand well enough to believe that every feeling she has does her honor. I'm sure I consider it a special mark of esteem that you are willing to show it to me.'

'Oh, well,' said Phillis, laughing herself now, to see how anxious he was to sustain her position, 'I couldn't very well refuse without seeming outrageously rude when Bee screamed the request out as she did. You see,' she went on, untying her portfolio, 'Bee and I were wheeling it down from Randolph to West Randolph, and we stopped to rest under a big elm, about two miles out of West Randolph. Just across the road from where we sat was the loveliest white house with green blinds and a wide piazza going clear round the house. There was the very dearest front yard just full of old-fashioned flowers. In spite of the flowers, though, the place had a sort of lonely look, and I was wondering if anybody really lived there, when at the side of the house I spied an old, white-haired gentleman sitting under one of the trees, with a book in his hand. He wasn't reading, though; he was asleep.

'Of course, as is my custom, I fell to speculating at once upon who lived in that house, and I decided that the old gentleman must be a grandfather, and that the grandchildren had not come yet to spend their vacation, or else I should hear them screaming and squabbling and tumbling out of the big white barn. But I concluded that they were expected, and that grandmother and the maiden aunt were in the house getting ready for John and his family to come home. And what do you think? Pretty soon there was a whistle. It was the five-fifteen express. Then, actually, grandmother hurried out of the front door and stood on the tip edge of the piazza and put one hand over her eyes, like that, to keep out the sun, and watched until the train switched away off through the trees at the right. You could just see it. She watched the tail of smoke until that faded away. Then she looked down the road in the direction of the station. She stood there forty-five minutes by my watch, the poor grandmother, and then she went into the house. John hadn't come. She looked so dejected and forlorn as she turned to go in that I wanted to call out, "Grandmother dear, O grandmother! John will come to-morrow afternoon; I just know he will!" But I didn't, of course. And the old gentleman never stirred and the maiden aunt never peeped. Just the dear mother.'

Phillis stopped speaking, but Will Carberry offered no observation. He was looking intently at the picture in his hand apparently absorbed.

'She had beautiful, fluffy, white hair, parted as you see,' Phillis resumed, hoping that this alert young business man did not think her horribly sentimental. 'And she had on a lilac gown and a white lace kerchief. And now that you've seen "John's Mother" you may tell me, please, if you think it looks like her. Bee said that was your desire—to see if it looked like her.'

Phillis filled her voice with merry sarcasm, but apparently it was all lost on Will Carberry. He continued to gaze at the little picture. At last he spoke. 'It does look like her. It is the image of her.' His voice was unsteady, and the eyes that met Phillis's were full of tears.

'O Mr. Carberry! Do you know her? Really?'

'I ought to. She's my mother.'

'But—oh—I hope you didn't think I knew it!' Phillis was abashed, confused, feeling that she must have stumbled on a tragedy of some sort.

'Oh, don't feel bad about it, Miss Phillis,' spoke Will, earnestly. 'There is nothing wrong, really. That is, I can fix everything up. But, you know, things sort of came over me. When Miss Bee spoke about that picture I had a curious presentiment that it must be my mother. But it was odd that you should have called her "John's Mother."'

'Why, no, I think not,' answered Phillis, responding quickly to Will's returning cheerfulness, and greatly relieved that there was no tragedy after all. 'You see, I know boys by every name in the list except "John." So I decided that her son must be John. What's odd about that?'

'Nothing, except that although my name is William John, mother always called me John. Everybody else calls me Will, including father. Her father's name was John and father's father's name was William.'

'I see,' laughed Phillis. 'She has a spice of human nature in her if she does look like a saint.'

'She is a saint,' declared Will Carberry, with conviction. 'A blessed saint. She writes me the best and cheeriest letters, and I try to write to her every Sunday, but sometimes I let it slip. I suppose it is a great disappointment to her when I don't write. But truly, Miss Phillis, I did not realize how lonely and sombre her life must be until I looked at that picture—through your eyes.

'My father is dozing a good deal lately,

she writes, and I presume that's a bad sign. She is going down hill alone, pretty nearly. She must feel that. So far as human companionship is concerned, I mean. She has a great and splendid faith to uphold her, and I am thankful she has, but she has always been a woman who loved her own, and she misses those who slip away. My Sister Addie is married and lives in the village, and she runs out every day or so, but I know mother misses me. I've been here in the city three years. The first summer I went home for my vacation and last summer I did. This year I thought it would be rather jolly to go camping with the boys. I have only three weeks, and I couldn't take in both very well. You understand?' Will stopped and looked at Phillis inquiringly.

She shook her head and said, gayly, 'No, thank you. You want me to tell you that you ought to give it up and go home to the mater with the soft hair and lilac gown—now, don't you? But I never did pose as a guide to misdirected youth, never!'

'I hinted in one of my letters that I might not get up to see her this summer,' remarked Will.

'That's quite a vindication,' observed Phillis, beginning to tie up her pictures.

'You think'—began Will.

'I think,' Phillis caught the word, 'that if a boy's mother can't influence him, no other girl can. By, by. Come out when you've settled it. I'm going to ladle lemonade to the boys who have been thirsting for a sight of me this half hour.'

Phillis was in the midst of a merry group, under one of the trees on the lawn, when Will Carberry walked up and asked, politely, 'May I have a glass, Miss Phillis, please?'

The girl deliberately took the ladle out of the big bowl and held it aloft, as she demanded, severely, 'Do you deserve it?'

'I'm going up by the express Saturday afternoon,' answered the young man, humbly.

'You shall have two glasses!' declared Phillis, radiantly. Then she leaned over to whisper gladly, '"John's Mother" will have only two days more to go back into the house alone.'

Like His Master

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

(By William T. Ellis, in 'Sunday-school Times.')

His fellow-students called him a dude; his fastidiousness of dress and manner seemed, in the eyes of some of them, to imply a superficial nature. It was true that the young theological student stood high in his classes, and was one of the stars of the seminary football team, and a genial fellow generally; still his careful attention to the niceties of attire and conduct caused some of the other students to view him suspiciously. How could a man with the manners of a courtier and the polish of a French dancing-master—so reasoned a few, in their bluff genuineness—be a really sincere prophet of the truth, after the example of the Bible heroes?

Doubtless the students would have overlooked the fastidiousness of their companion were it not for an apparently well-grounded suspicion that he was 'mean.' Poverty and economy these men could understand, but anything approaching niggardliness they despised. Here was Blank, dressing better than any other man in the seminary,—and there was a general belief that his parents provided him sufficient funds for this purpose,—actually conducting a laundry business! Week after week he went about to the rooms of his fellow-students, gathering up their soiled linen, and taking it off somewhere to be laundered, and doubtless getting a handsome commission for the work. For two years this had continued, and it must be confessed that Blank came in for a great deal of criticism, which was not always concealed, either, on account of his 'meanness.'

Then one night an incident occurred which, when it became known, both surprised and thrilled the seminary. It was in March, the March of 'the great blizzard,' and the storm was at its height. A student was awakened at three o'clock in the morning by a snowball thrown against his window. Again and again the signal was repeated, until the sleepy student opened his window.

'Is that Mr. Blank's room?' came a thin voice through the tempest.

'No, Mr. Blank's room is opposite, but I'll take a message. What do you want?'

'Tell him that Bennie Ware is dying, and to come right away.'

'Who is Bennie Ware, and where does he live? How will Mr. Blank know where to find him?'

'Oh! he knows,' answered the messenger; 'he just came from his house at twelve o'clock, and he said we were to send for him if Bennie got worse. Bennie's the boy that he has been getting the laundry for.'

The other students were at breakfast when Blank returned, looking unusually subdued and somewhat haggard. Yes, the boy had died, he told his inquiring neighbor. When pressed, he admitted that Bennie was a crippled colored boy whom he had been visiting every day, and for whose support he had conducted the laundry business. 'Oh! it wasn't worth mentioning,' he said, when asked why he had not told the story before.

To serve in a quiet, unobtrusive, and faithful manner one of Christ's needy little ones, was to follow in the footsteps of Jesus; but far more Christlike was it to endure for months and years the coldness, and even the open scorn, of one's fellows, looking only for approval to the Master, who said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that Blank is now one of the most honored and successful ministers in a large Eastern city; and not a small part of his usefulness is due to the remarkable tact and graciousness which, under another name, first earned for him the suspicion of his fellow-students in the seminary.

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Eleven states have laws prohibiting the sale of cigarettes, and the law-makers of thirteen states are considering drastic anti-cigarette measures, and the women and school teachers of Tennessee, Maine, Utah, Oregon and Washington are agitating and using all their persuasiveness to stop the sale of cigarettes.

A Suggestion.

(Marianne Farningham, in 'League Journal.')

'I cannot tell why there should come to me
A thought of someone miles and years away.
In swift insistence on the memory,
Unless there be a need that I should pray.

'He goes his way, I mine; we seldom meet
To talk of plans or changes, day by day,
Of pain or pleasure, triumph or defeat,
Or special reasons why 'tis time to pray.

'We are too busy even to spare thought
For days together of some friends away;
Perhaps God does it for us, and we ought
To read His signal as a call to pray.

'Perhaps, just then, my friend has fiercer fight,
A more appalling weakness, a decay
Of courage, darkness, some lost sense of right—
And so, in case he needs my prayer, I pray.

'Dear, do the same for me! If I intrude
Unasked upon you, on some crowded day,
Give me a moment's prayer, as interlude;
Be very sure I need it, therefore pray.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Sept. 20, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Captain Mahan on the Persian Gulf—'The Times,' London.
The Question of the Persian Gulf—'The Spectator,' London.
The Operators' Side of the Anthracite Coal Miners' Strike—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Mr. Mitchell's Errors—'The Evening Post,' New York.
Among London Wage-earners—By Walter A. Wyckoff, Condensed from 'Scribner's Magazine.'
First Years of British Rule in Canada—By Gilbert Parker, in the 'Empire Review.'
The Tea Trade in China a Vanishing Industry—'Manchester Guardian.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Drama's Laws—'The Morning Post,' London.
Wagner in Munich—By Poultney Bigelow, M.A., in the 'Morning Post,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Canticle—By T. E. Brown.
Esperanto—'The Speaker,' London.
Mud and Morals—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The First Joe Miller—By a Book Collector, in the 'Daily Chronicle.'
The Unprofessional Writer—'The Academy and Literature,' London.
Two Sermons for Journalists—'Birmingham Post.'
Modern German Fiction—'The Pilot,' London.
Folk-lore in the Lower Zambesi—'The Standard,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Many Kinds of Bread—'La Science Illustre.'
Working Men's Productive Societies—By Jacques Bardoux, in 'The Speaker,' London.
The Supplanting of Agriculture by Chemistry—'The Scientific American,' New York.

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LITTLE FOLKS

A School in Egypt.

('Child's Companion.')

'A school in Egypt is not at all like an English one. The word 'school' makes us think of a number of more or less attentive boys or girls, working in silence at their appointed task, or following the instructions of the teacher as he introduces them to some fresh branch of knowledge. But in these respects, an Egyptian school offers a complete contrast.

'The noise of the school,' says one writer, 'is a sufficient guide to the spot. The children recite their lessons all together, and each scholar endeavors to make his voice heard above the din by shouting his loudest. The instruction given is

A CORNER IN AN EGYPTIAN SCHOOL.

of the slightest possible kind, consisting of little else than the recitation of the Koran (the sacred book of the Mohammedans) and the simplest rules of arithmetic.

The master is often a blind man, who, being able to repeat the Koran by rote, can teach it to the children. His payment is very small, but it is apparently quite as much as he deserves.

I was lately told of a man who could neither read nor write succeeding to the office of a schoolmaster in my neighborhood. Being able to recite the whole of the Koran, he could hear the boys repeat their lessons; to write them he employed the ''areef' (or head boy and monitor in the school), pretending that his eyes were weak.

A few days after he had taken upon himself this office, a poor woman brought a letter for him to read to her from her son, who had gone on a pilgrimage. The schoolmaster pretended to read it, but said nothing; and the woman, inferring from his silence that the letter contained bad news, said to him :

'Shall I shriek ?'

'Yes,' he answered.

'Shall I tear my clothes ?'

'Yes.'

So the poor woman returned to her house, and with her assembled friends performed the lamentation and other ceremonies usual on the occasion of a death.

Not many days after this her son arrived, and she asked him what he could mean by causing a letter to be written stating that he was dead. He explained the contents of the letter, and she went to the schoolmaster and begged him to inform her why he had told her to shriek, and to tear her clothes, since the letter was to inform her that her son was well, and he had now arrived at home.

Not at all abashed, he said :—

'God knows the future. How could I know that your son would arrive in safety ? It was better that you should think him dead than b- led to expect to see him, and perhaps be disappointed."'

As time goes on, however, we may expect that such schools and schoolmasters will become things of the past. Many Egyptians enter the Government service and many more desire to do so, and for this a good education is necessary. We know that a college has been established in Khartoum, in memory of the good General Gordon, and the chief work of this college will be to educate the sons of native chiefs.

It is to be hoped that not only will they be educated in worldly knowledge, but that at least some of them may have the opportunity of obtaining the best knowledge of all—that of the revelation of God's love to man in Jesus Christ.

The Spoiled Picture.

(By Eva Kinney Miller, in Sunday-School Times.')

The Lloyd family had decided to have a family picture taken. All the family relations were to gather in the front yard at grandma and grandpa's home at four o'clock on a certain day, and the artist was going to take their pictures all together.

Kittie Lloyd was very much delighted, and asked her mother a great many questions about it.

'Am I to be in it, mamma ?'

'Yes, dear,—all the family.'

'And Baby Ruth, too ?'

'Yes, all the children and grandchildren.'

'Oh, mamma !' can't I have my dog, Sandy, in it, too ? I think, if you have Baby Ruth, I ought to have Sandy.'

'Well, you ask papa to-night.'

When Kittie's papa came home that night, the first thing he heard, when his little girl came to meet him, was :

'Oh, papa ! may I have Sandy in the picture with me ? Mamma's going to have Baby Ruth.'

'I'm afraid you'll spoil the picture,' responded Mr. Lloyd, 'and Sandy is worse yet. You see, we shall all have to keep very still to have our pictures taken, and I am afraid neither you nor Sandy can do that.'

'Oh, yes, we can !' asured Kittie; 'I'll teach Sandy.'

Every day after that Kittie gave Sandy some lessons in standing still. The appointed day came at last, and Mr. Lloyd got out the big

carriage, and took them all over to grandpa's, where there was a large gathering of aunts, uncles, and cousins, who were to be in the picture. Sandy was allowed to go along, and Kittie was delighted.

At last the artist came in a newly painted waggon with a big, long word on the outside, which Kittie, after a good deal of spelling, learned was 'photographs.' It was very interesting to watch the artist take out his camera, and set it up on a little frame, and peep through it with a black cloth over his head. When his machine was ready, he called the people together on the front porch, and, with grandma and grandpa in the centre, the tall ones in the back, and the short ones in the front, the people were arranged, and made ready for the picture. Kittie had a place in the very front of the picture with Sandy by her side, who was to sit up on his hind legs.

'Now, Kittie,' said mamma, 'you must keep perfectly still, and not move, or you will spoil the picture. When the artist says 'Ready,' you must not even wink till he's through.'

Kittie stood up very straight, and looked just where the artist had told her to look.

'All ready?' said the artist.

'Now.'

Kittie looked around awfully quick to see if Sandy was sitting up all right, and just then the artist took the picture.

'Why, mamma, is it over?' asked Kittie, as they all began to move around and talk.

'Yes, Kittie,' answered mamma, 'it's all over now, and you can run about and play.'

The next day the proof of the picture was brought to Mr. Lloyd, and he showed it to Kittie. There was grandma and grandpa sitting up in the centre, looking as calm and placid as ever. There was mamma and Baby Ruth as plain as could be, and Sandy sitting up as straight as a dog could; but in the place where Kittie's face ought to be, there was the back of a curly head and a blur.

'You moved,' said papa gravely, 'and you spoiled the picture.'

Kittie burst into tears.

'I only looked around to see if Sandy was quiet,' she sobbed, 'and then it was all over. I didn't think the man would be so quick.'

When the picture was shown to the other relatives, they decided that it was so good of grandma and grandpa that it must be kept. So, a short time after, Mr. Lloyd brought home the picture all finished and framed, and hung it up in the parlor. Kittie cried bitterly, and begged him not to hang it up, but papa said he must. Then mamma took her little girl into the parlor, and talked to her.

'The picture is spoiled, dear, because you did not do as I told you at once. I told you to keep perfectly still when the man said "All ready," but you wanted to look around first and see what Sandy was doing. Now I want you to come and look at the spoiled picture very often, and always remember that it got spoiled because you did not obey promptly.'

Kittie tried hard to remember the lesson, and, when she forgot to mind promptly her mamma would often say:

'Take care, Kittie, you are spoiling your picture now,' and then Kittie would smile into her mother's face, and hasten to do as she was told.

Did He Tell a Lie?

This is the question, the 'Sunday Magazine' asks, and relates this story:

How could he have told a lie when he never spoke a word. But the teacher's back was turned. He reached over and stuck a neighbor with a pin. The teacher heard a shuffling noise and turned around. He was not out of order at all; but was studying the map of China very hard. Did he tell a lie?

Sister Susie lost her doll one day. She hunted for it high and low, but no doll could she find. He helped her to search for it in every nook and corner possible, and seemed sorry that it could not be found. He had hidden it in an old stovepipe in the garret. Did he tell a lie?

Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary had come to take dinner at his home. All were ready to enjoy a good dinner, when to the surprise of his good mother, the vegetables had been sweetened and the coffee and pudding salted. Who was to blame but Bridget? He had carelessly that very morning, emptied the salt sack into the sugar crock and the sugar bag into the salt jar. He saw the look of disappointment on his mother's face, but did not explain. Did he tell a lie?

One morning Bridget rushed breathlessly into the room saying, 'Sure, and Ned the arrant-boy has left the gate open, an' the cows have eat up all the gardent.' He was washing his face at the time, He heard the complaint, and knew that Ned was innocent, yet he did not speak a word. Did he tell a lie?

What do you think? Cannot both boys and girls tell lies without speaking a word? And do they not thus really break the ninth commandment, as given above?

Hurrahing for Others.

The back yard had taken on a highly military aspect. There were soldiers with broomsticks, an officer with a wooden sword, a proud boy with a flag too large for him, and a 'band,' with a gayly painted drum, which he was beating furiously. Only little Robbie sat forlornly on the steps and looked on. A treacherous bit of glass had disabled his foot, and he could not keep up with the army.

'I can't do nothin',' he said, disconsolately.

'Yes, you can,' answered Captain Fred. 'You can hurrah when the rest go by.'

So the little fellow kept his post, watching through all the marching and counter-marching, often left quite alone while the troop travelled in another direction, but he never failed to swing his small cap and raise his shrill cheer when they appeared.

The others were playing here, but he was much nearer being a real one. It is not easy to feel like hurrahing for those who can go forward, when we must stop, to forget our own disappointment in cheering those who are doing what we long to do and cannot, and to rejoice in the success of those who are filling the place we wanted for ourselves. To bewail our helplessness, to grow bitter and serious because of it, is natural, but it takes high courage and sweetness to stand aside and 'cheer while the rest go by.' — 'Forward.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 12.

Crossing the Jordan.

Josh iii., 9-4:7. Commit vs. 15-17. Read Josh. iii., 1-5:12.

Golden Text.

'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'—Isa. xliii., 2.

Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 6.—Josh. iii., 1-13.
Tuesday, Oct. 7.—Josh. iii., 14-4: 7
Wednesday, Oct. 8.—Josh. iv., 8-18.
Thursday, Oct. 9.—2 Kings ii., 1-14.
Friday, Oct. 10.—Psa. lxxviii., 1-16.
Saturday, Oct. 11.—Psa. cxiv..
Sunday, Oct. 12.—Isa. xliii., 1-11.

Lesson Text.

(9) And Joshua said unto the children of Israel, Come hither, and hear the words of the Lord your God. (10) And Joshua said, Hereby ye shall know that the living God is among you, and that he will without fail drive out from before you the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Hivites, and the Perizzites, and the Girgashites, and the Amorites, and the Jebusites. (11) Behold, the ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the earth passeth over before you into Jordan. (12) Now therefore take you twelve men out of the tribes of Israel, out of every tribe a man. (13) And it shall come to pass, as soon as the soles of the feet of the priests that bear the ark of the Lord, the Lord of all the earth, shall rest in the waters of Jordan, that the waters of Jordan shall be cut off, from the waters that come down from above; and they shall stand upon a heap. (14) And it came to pass, when the people removed from their tents, to pass over Jordan, and the priests bearing the ark of the covenant before the people; (15) And as they that bare the ark were come unto Jordan, and the feet of the priests that bare the ark were dipped in the brim of the water, (for Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest,) (16) That the waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon a heap very far from the city Adam, that is beside Zareton; and those that came down toward the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, failed, and were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho. (17) And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan.

Condensed from Pelonbet's Notes.

The children of Israel were encamped on a broad fertile plain on the eastern or Moabite side of the Jordan, about one hundred and fifty feet above the usual level of the Jordan, with the mountains of Moab behind them and the flooded river before them, with Jericho six or seven miles distant from the river on the other side. The plain where they were encamped was from five to seven miles wide. According to the last census (Num. xxvi., 51) there were 601,730 men from twenty years old and upward, implying a total population of over two million. That the numbers were large is certain from the fears they awakened in the inhabitants, who would not have been so troubled by a small band.

The great depression of this region, more than a thousand feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and shut in by mountains, gave it a tropical climate and exuberant fertility. Gardens were numerous and palm trees flourished. During the winter season 'the climate is as lovely as could be desired. The air is soft and mild, and green fields are on every hand. . . . I suppose the Israelites came down from the mountains of Moab to enjoy the winter on the Shittim plain, covered, as it then was, with a rank growth of tropical vegetation. The abundance of fresh water at their command, the grass and flowers, the mild air, must have filled them with delight after their rough experience in the desert.

It would have been difficult anywhere to have found a land more perfectly adapted for the purpose of training a nation in the true religion than was Palestine. It was defended and sheltered by the Jordan on the east, and further to the east by a great desert, by mountains on the north, by the Mediterranean on the west, and by deserts on the south. Moreover, it was situated on a highway between the two great nations of the world, neither of which would want the other to possess it. Thus shut in there would be an opportunity to train and discipline the nation, till the great truths it stood for could be wrought indelibly into their nature.

(9) Hear the words of the Lord your God. Their taking possession of the land was according to the divine will. What right had the Israelites to drive out and dispossess the inhabitants? Their destruction is always presented in Scripture as a judgment of God sent on them because of their wickedness. 'The heathenism of Palestine and Syria was so foul and degrading that there is no State, even at this time, which would not put it down, if necessary, by the severest penalties. Its spread to Rome was bewailed fifteen hundred years later by the satirists of the day, as a calamity marking the utter decay of the times.'—Geikie. Nor did they sin thus through ignorance. They were not a savage race, but among the more cultivated ones of the time. They had commerce, coined money, iron chariots, probably books. If God had not destroyed them they would have destroyed themselves by their own corruption, but not till they had injured many others by their example and influence. This very destruction was more merciful than would have been the sufferings which would naturally flow from their character and conduct. What the Israelites did was not for themselves alone. 'If the Jews had failed, the world would have been lost. The true religion would have vanished, the mission of Christ would have been impossible. In these contests, on the fate of one of these nations of Palestine, the happiness of the human race depended.'—Stanley.

V. 11. Behold, the ark . . of the Lord of all the earth, who, therefore, has the right and the power to give them the land. 'Passeth over before you,' to lead you, to make the way for you, to prove that it is safe for you to follow, to show that the power and the victory are from God. V. 12. Now therefore take you twelve men, to bring memorial stones from the river bed, as described later on. Out of every tribe a man, so that each tribe should be represented, and each feel a common interest in the event. No one tribe should have an advantage over the others. V. 13. And it shall come to pass. This verse is the promise of what is described in v. 16, as fulfilled. V. 14. First came the priests bearing the Ark of the Covenant, the symbol of God's presence with them. It is no longer the pillar of cloud and fire, but the ark that now guides them. V. 15. This season of high water was wisely chosen; for (1) the miracle was the more stupendous and impressive to the Israelites. (2) It inspired their enemies with greater terror. They would see in it the marvellous power of God. (3) Those enemies, had the crossing been attempted when the water was low, would have appeared upon the opposite shores to annoy the Israelites. Why, then, did they not dispute it upon the present occasion? The answer is simple. They trusted to the swollen river, which they knew no army could cross. (4) The crossing in harvest was also providentially ordered with reference to the food of the people; they entered the land when it yielded abundance (see Josh. v., 11, 12). V. 10. The Canaanites were, strictly speaking, the lowlanders, who inhabited the lower tracts of Palestine. V. 16. The waters . . . rose up upon an heap very far from the city Adam. The true meaning is expressed by the R. V., 'Rose up in one heap, a great way off, at Adam, the city that is beside Zarethan.' That is, in some way, by direct miraculous power, or by some means, the waters were dammed up there long enough for the people to pass over the Jordan. City Adam, that is beside Zarethan. Probably at the ancient bridge at the Damieh ford, fifteen or twenty miles above the encampment of the Israelites. At this place the river is narrow and flows between two ridges of mountains on either side, which here almost meet, which seems the most suitable point for damming up the river. If in any way the river was dammed up at this narrow gorge, the waters would accumulate above the dam, and form a great lake extending far up the river, while the waters below would all flow away into the Dead Sea, leaving the bed of the river comparatively dry. And this would continue till the mass of water above had become so great as to break through the obstacle. 'In A. D. 1267, whilst the bridge at Jisr Damieh (or Adam) was being repaired, a land-slip, some miles above, dammed up the Jordan for several hours, and the bed of the river below was left dry, the water being drained off to the Dead Sea. What occurred six hundred and fifty years ago, by what we call natural causes, may well have occurred three thousand years before, timed by divine interposition.'—Canon Tristram.

V. 17. And the priests that bare the ark. When they touched the water the stream subsided, and they bore the ark into the middle of the river bed, and there stood firm on dry ground, with good footing and without flinching from fear of the waters rushing upon them from above. This required no little faith. The priests were about three-fifths of a mile up stream above the people, and were thus seen by all; and their faith encouraged the people to venture into the bed of the river. And all the Israelites passed over on dry ground. Probably at different points, over a wide space. They were now fairly standing upon the Promised Land, on the eve of conquest, and after that, of rest. 'The ark stood above. The army passed below. The women and children, according to the Jewish traditions, were placed in the centre, from the fear lest they should be swept away by the violence of the current. The host, at different points probably, rushed across. The priests remained motionless, their feet sunk in the deep mud of the river.'—Stanley, Jewish Church. Thus the whole people crossed in safety, in a very few hours, and stood for the first time in their new home. They encamped at Gilgal. Then the river returned to its usual course. There was no retreat now. It was victory or death.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 12.—Topic—Fruitful or fruitless. John xv., 1-8, 16; Mark xi., 12-14.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE WIDOW'S OIL.

Monday, Oct. 6.—Fear God. 2 Kings iv., 1.

Tuesday, Oct. 7.—Use what you have. 2 Kings iv., 2.

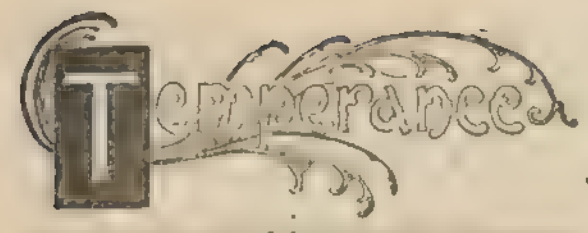
Wednesday, Oct. 8.—Expect great blessings. 2 Kings iv., 3.

Thursday, Oct. 9.—Believe God's promises. 2 Kings iv., 5.

Friday, Oct. 10.—God's gifts are overflowing. 2 Kings iv., 6.

Saturday, Oct. 11.—God rewards the faithful. 2 Kings iv., 7.

Sunday, Oct. 12.—Topic—Old Testament miracles. V. Lessons from the widow's oil. 2 Kings iv., 1-7.



What God Gives a Boy.

(Australian Paper.)

A body to live in and keep clean and healthy as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness, charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief, or temptation, or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted by tobacco or whisky, and to speak true, brave words, but not to make a smokestack of, or a swill trough.

A pair of ears to hear the music of bird, and tree, and rill, and human voice, but not to give heed to what the tempter says, or to what dishonors God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true—God's fingerprints in the flower, the field, and snowflakes, but not to feast on unclean pictures or the blotches that Satan daubs and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember, and reason, and decide, and store up wisdom, and impart it to others, but not to be turned into a chip basket or rubbish heap for the chaff, and the rubbish, and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul to receive impressions of good, and to develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.

The Deadly Cigarette.

('The Intelligencer.')

The serious outcry against the cigarette is not mere mist and moonshine, nor talking nonsense, nor is it a wildgoose chase. Cigarettes are encountering ever-increasing hostility. Both legislatures and city councils have passed numerous anti-cigarette laws in all parts of the land. California, Nebraska, and West Virginia passed laws in 1895. Commissioner Hubbell, of the board of education, formed in New York city schools an anti-cigarette league.

Cigarette smoking is homicide and suicide, an abominable nuisance to him who must inhale the smoker's smoke, and deadly poison to the smoker. His desire becomes a craving as intense as the craving of a confirmed drunkard. It wastes money, strength, incites to passion, and enthrones a weed as the master of the will. It causes a sensitive stomach, headache, dizziness, wild and haggard look, Bright's disease, abnormal action of the heart, and even dropsy may follow in its wake, as in the instance of a young man of twenty-five years. (After his death a vein burst, and the blood therefrom was almost as black as ink.)

Several boys who were candidates for naval cadetship from a district in Michigan were rejected because the examining physician discovered that their hearts were seriously affected by smoking cigarettes. Wise young men do not smoke and foolish boys must not.

How to Use the Brain.

(Dr. F. R. Lees.)

I have already hinted at several habits and conditions which, though serious, are less potent for evil than others. Long hours of work, violent and exhaustive games which strain the heart, night study, fast life, in any form, and, above all, hereditary tendency, operating under the great law of like producing like. And now I come to the greatest of all the causes of premature brain-failure—the constant use of narcotics—such as alcohol, opium, and tobacco—the inevitable tendency of which is thus expressed by the French philosopher, Michelet, in his 'L'Amour': 'We cannot conceal from ourselves that in these latter times the inclinations have undergone profound changes. The causes are numerous. I will state two only—at once mental and physical—which, going straight to the brain, and deadening it, tend to paralyze all our mental faculties. For a century past the increasing invasion of alcoholic liquors and narcotics has been marching irresistibly, with results varying according to the population, here obscuring mind and barbarizing beyond recovery, there penetrating deep into the organic economy, so reaching the race itself, but everywhere tending to isolation, giving him, even in his home, a deplorable preference for selfish enjoyment.'

A Young Banker's Manly Act

(The 'Morning Star.')

A young banker, a member of the Church of Christ, was called upon to respond to a toast at the State Bankers' Association banquet, in Indianapolis. He was asked to speak on behalf of the rising generation—the younger bankers of Indiana. He did so in a very honest, manly, and straightforward manner. At the close of his speech he proposed to drink a health to the older bankers of the State, whose wise counsel and kindly consideration had so aided the younger men in their efforts; and there in the presence of two hundred guests, the wealthiest and most fashionable of Indiana's people, who had been sipping costly champagne and Rhine wine from thin and delicate glasses, this young business man, in his maiden speech, dared to say: 'I propose that we drink a health to the older bankers of the State, and that we drink it in clear, cold, pure water!' Every glass was raised, and as they drank pure water, every guest felt the force of the object lesson. It took courage to teach that lesson, but it was well taught.

Frightened from the Path of Sin.

(The 'Ram's Horn.')

At one o'clock a.m. a man awoke from a drunken sleep and found himself in the corner of the bar-room of a hotel just outside the city of London, Ont. An hour before the place was full of cursing, roistering or quarrelsome drinkers. Now all were gone but himself and the bartender. Memory and the Spirit of God flashed before the wretched inebriate a vision of his godly mother and the family altar. Rising, unsteadily, he pointed a shaking finger at the bartender and said solemnly: 'Jim, you and I are going to hell!' 'Jake,' was the startled reply, 'if I thought there was any such place as hell, I wouldn't be in this business an hour longer.' 'Jim, it don't make any difference what you think; there's a hell all right enough, and you and I are going there, hot foot.'

This was the turning point for the drinker. He was saved, so as by fire, and is finishing his earthly career a scarred, marred but redeemed man. He said once to me: 'I about lived in bar-rooms for several years, and I tell you they are the nearest places to hell on earth.'

In the alcoholic ward of Bellevue hospital in New York some months ago lay a young man dying. His father, a rich cotton manufacturer, died four years ago, leaving an enormous fortune and four sons. The eldest died at thirty-six of alcoholism, having made a large hole in the inheritance. His second brother died a year later of the same disease, aged twenty-eight, having done his share towards dissipating his father's earnings. The third son died a year ago, also from drink, at twenty-four, and left only $40,000 of the fortune to the last brother, which he spent in his turn, and now at twenty-two dies of the same thing in the public ward of a charity hospital, surrounded by 'drunks' of all forms of lowness and degradation. This is a horrible tale, but one true, and it carries its own moral.

Correspondence

Blenheim, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought perhaps you would like to have a description of this place, and so I shall try to describe it. There is one long main ridge running through it, on which are situated all the stores, including restaurants, drug stores, hardware and jewellery stores, and also our town hall, printing offices and school. One printing office, 'The News,' is owned by my father and brother. Our school is new and is a very fine brick one, and our Town Hall, though not as new, is very nice and has in it the post-office, opera house, court-room, fire-hall and fireman's hall. There are many side streets, which are very unimportant. We have seven churches, the newest of which is the Presbyterian. I go to it and am the assistant teacher for the infant class. I did not intend to write such a long letter, but there is much more I could tell about the town, if space permitted. I am going to try the Junior Leaving this year, and hope I shall succeed. I would like to have some correspondents of the 'Messenger' about my own age (15 years). My address is: Annie D. Denholm, Blenheim, Ont.

Blenheim, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father took the 'Messenger' when he was a little boy. When we moved to town I got it from the Sunday school. I would like to see this published. I have a cat and a dog for pets. My father owns a mill. I go to school, and have just passed into the seventh room, or first part of the fourth book. My teacher's name now is Miss Bodwell. We have a large school, which has eight rooms in it. Our principal's name is Mr. J. Arthur Bannister. He has a wife and one child. Any person about the same age as I am (12 years, the 22nd of Feb.), I would like to correspond with. My address is: Henrietta P. Henderson, Blenheim, Ont.

Thames Road, Ont.

Dear Editor,—There are two churches near our place, one a Presbyterian and the other Methodist. We get the 'Messenger' through the Sunday school and I like reading it very much, especially the letters from the boys and girls. We live on a farm. I have two sisters and one brother. I am eight years old and go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss Hamilton. Our school had a picnic on the twentieth of June, and we all had a good time. We are having holidays now, so I hope to have lots of fun, then I will be ready to start to work again.

WILLIE A. M.

Kingsville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will tell of my experience with a prairie fire in Manitoba, when I was just seven. There was a very high north-west wind, which carries fire at the rate of about ten miles an hour on prairie grass which is long and thick. The fire came up about one o'clock in the afternoon, when all the men folk were away, and mamma and auntie went out and tried to plough and plough to keep the fire off the buildings, but they hadn't accomplished much when papa came and took their place. Then they and my oldest sister commenced fighting it with wet brooms and bags to keep it from the building. Once they thought the house would get burnt, but the wind calmed down and the house was saved. Meanwhile my three sisters and I were on the ploughed ground for our safety. As it grew dark the fire subsided and we four went to the house, and about an hour later the others came home. Thus ended the anniversary of my seventh birthday.

JESSIE R.

Honora, Manitoulin Island.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly two years. I like the paper all right, lots of good reading in it. I am eighteen years

old. I am in the third book. I don't go to the school any more. We have seven horses, and sixteen head of cattle, and thirty-five hens, two turkeys and six pigs. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.'

JOHN R. G.

Ponoka, Alt., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I have been thinking for sometime of writing you, but some way or other have not done it yet. I enjoy reading the 'Northern Messenger' very much. We are so far from town that I am not able to go to Sunday school and church, so I study the Sunday school lesson out of the 'Messenger.' My aunt has sent me the 'Northern Messenger' now for over five years.

We came here a year ago last April. My father came up the first of March to see how he would like the country. He was very much pleased with the country, so he sent back for us to come. Grandpa, grandma, and a girl that is staying with grandma, mamma and myself, besides a man that was working for papa. Grandpa came with a carload of settler's effects for himself and papa. The rest of us came in a passenger train.

We lived in Toronto, Canada, about eight years ago, and then we went to Rapid City, South Dakota. Rapid City is in the foothills of the Black Hills. The Black Hills is a great mining country. There are a great many small towns in the Hills. The hills from a distance look black because they are nearly all covered with pine trees. I would like to live in a sugar country. We never got any sugar in Rapid City. We arrived in Ponoka April 6, stayed there a little while, and then we moved out in the country. We are now living on Indian Reserve land, six miles south-west from Ponoka. My father bought one hundred and sixty acres, which we are living on, and we have a homestead besides. Grandpa has the same amount of land that we have. We all like the country very much. I like it so much better in the country than in town. We have three horses and three cows, a calf, a pig, and eighty-two chickens. I like to go after the cows at night. My father has in crop fifty-two acres this year and it is all looking fine. We have very heavy dews here. The sunsets and sunrises are lovely here; they were pretty enough in the Black Hills, but they are far prettier here.

There was a picnic in town on Dominion Day. Last winter the men around here got out saw logs and hauled them all on our place not far from the house. This summer a saw-mill came in here and is sawing them up into lumber. They expect to finish to-morrow if nothing happens. My father was a blacksmith before he came up here, and now he is farming and doing a little blacksmithing, too. I have not gone to school since a year ago last March. I miss my school very much.

EMILY C.

(What a nice letter you write!—Ed.)

Heathcote, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I would like to see a letter from Heathcote in the 'Messenger.' School has closed. I am eleven years old, am in the Junior Third Book. I tried for Senior but failed. We live close by the Beaver river. My father runs a saw mill. I have one sister and two brothers. My sister is going to school in Meaford. She intends trying for her second. My eldest brother is in Solsgirth, Manitoba; we expect him home in the fall.

GLADYS L. J.

IS PLEASED.

A correspondent who has specially requested that her name shall not be mentioned writes concerning books she received from this office: 'The books have arrived in excellent condition. They are so well bound and the print is beautifully clear and large.'

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Letters received from the following were not quite interesting enough to be printed. But the writers are thanked all the same for their trouble:—Russel E. B., John R. Graham, Alice M. C.

HOUSEHOLD.

When We Make Bread

(By Eleanor W. F. Bates, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'When I make bread,' said the Domestic Science expert to the class of ladies whom she had been invited to address on cookery, 'I make it so good that it is always eaten to the last crumb, and thus I dispose of the problem of caring for left-overs as far as bread is concerned.'

'Of course,' said Mrs. Smith, after the lecture was closed and the lecturer had donned her handsome bonnet, resumed her immaculate gloves, bidden a stately farewell to the class and been driven to the depot, 'that is the ideal, as far as bread is concerned, for which we are all seeking; but don't you suppose she ever meets with poor yeast, or inferior flour? Isn't she ever interrupted while mixing or baking her bread? And if her bread is ever so good, doesn't she ever have children at the table who wantonly break bread, or grown people even who take more on their plates than they are able to dispose of? And if these sinners do leave pieces of bread, what does she do with them '

'I know what I do with all the pieces of bread from the table,' airily said Mrs. Smith's sister. 'I give them to the hens.'

'Then you are a wasteful little thing,' replied Mrs. Smith with the candor which we expect from our relations. 'I make toast of every whole slice which is left.'

'What kind of toast?' asked Mrs. Brown.

'Why, any kind that you would cut a loaf for. Sometimes plain dry toast, or water toast, or milk toast, or cream toast.'

'Water toast?' said Mrs. Brown, inquiringly.

'Yes—didn't you ever see any. Toast your slices very brown on both sides, keep them in the oven till all are toasted, then take a bowl of boiling water, and put in a little salt and just as much of your very best butter as your conscience will let you. Dip each slice of toast into the water and lay them corncob fashion in a dish to serve, pouring over the top the water that is left. There won't be much, but it will be rich and good. It ought to be made quick as lightning, and eaten right off, or else it will be mushy.'

'Well, now, did either of you make bread griddle cakes?' said Mrs. Johnson, joining the group. 'My mother used to have them, and I really think they were better than any other griddle cakes I ever tasted. She used to soak her pieces of bread in sweet milk and when they were soft, rub them through a cullender. Then to about a quart of the bread and milk mixture, which was about like a thick batter in consistency, she would add three or four eggs, a little salt and nutmeg, and a tablespoonful of sugar.'

The minister's wife had a quiverful of children, and she laughed a little as she said, 'I, too, have had the problem of pieces of bread, but I solve it differently from any of you. Like Mrs. Smith, my whole slices go into the covered toast-dish, but my small pieces I dry in the oven very dry, roll and sift them, and feed them to the children in a cup of milk. This is a variation of their accustomed bread and milk, and it is a great success. I salt the crumbs very slightly.'

'Why, I dry and roll the bread crumbs, too, but I use them for crumbing croquettes and such things,' said a bystander.

'And for bread puddings,' said another.

'And for turkey dressing,' added a third.

'I ought to have said that I dry and roll all kinds of bread,' amended the minister's wife, 'when I have the children's meals in mind, such as bits of johnny-cake or graham or rye bread. These served fresh and crisp in new milk are really toothsome. When I have white bread crumbs alone, I sometimes save them for croquettes or to fry oysters or kindred dishes.'

'People have got beyond old-fashioned dishes nowadays,' said old lady Stuart, 'or else I'd tell ye all about brewis.'

'Indeed we haven't got beyond old-fashioned dishes. We value them more than ever. Do tell us, dear Mrs. Stuart!' was the chorus which arose.

'You can make white bread brewis or brown bread brewis,' said the gratified old lady, 'and you make them almost alike, only brown bread brewis needs to be cooked a good deal longer. You must dry your bread in the oven; break it first into as little bits as you can handle; boil a quart of rich milk, and when it comes to the boil, put in a big lump of butter. I shouldn't think a cupful of butter would be too much for a quart of milk. Stir till the butter is all melted, then stir in the bits of bread and keep stirring till you have enough bread-bits to make it about as thick as your breakfast porridge. You must salt it, too, a little. You can eat white bread brewis in a few minutes, but brown bread brewis needs to be left to simmer for a while on the back of the stove.'

'Thank you, Mrs. Stuart,' said the minister's wife, closing her note-book, where she had been jotting down directions.

'Yes, I thank you, too,' said young Mrs. Graham. 'I never knew before what to do with my brown bread left-overs. I have several slices very often that I don't know what to do with.'

'Why, didn't you ever make brown bread coffee?' asked Mrs. Stuart. 'And you with a family of little children! Children always like brown bread coffee, and it's good for them for a change. You want to break up your brown bread—I mean rye-an'-injun bread, not graham nor cornmeal—and brown it in the oven till it's hard as a rock and almost burnt. Then take a quart of boiling water or less to a heaping cup full of brown bread and let it boil fifteen minutes at least and longer if convenient. My daughter keeps a big old coffee pot on purpose for brown bread coffee. Of course if the water boils away, add more boiling water. Strain it, and serve with hot milk—about a third milk to two-thirds coffee; and don't forget that children like everything pretty well sweetened!'

'If I dared to,' whispered a young girl, 'I should like to tell them what we use bread crumbs for!'

'Tell me,' said the girl she addressed.

'For scallops! We scallop everything, particularly in winter, and bread crumbs are ever so much nicer than the cracker crumbs that so many cookbooks call for. We had an onion scallop yesterday and a veal scallop last Sunday. Last week we had a scallop of asparagus tips—oh! it was lovely!—and I heard mamma say she thought a tomato scallop would be good with the roast beef to-morrow.'

'Well,' laughed Mrs. White to her next door neighbor, as the ladies moved on their homeward way, 'my manner of disposing of left-over bread is so commonplace that I didn't like to offer it, but the fact is that the traditional bread pudding generally absorbs every crumb I have left. Like the Domestic Science teacher, I like to have my bread so good it is always eaten in its original form. As this isn't always possible, I fall back on bread pudding. If the superfluous bread is sliced, I butter it, put it in a nappy, sprinkle a few sorted and dried currants or stoned raisins between the slices, pour a sugarless custard over it, let it stand an hour—'

'How many eggs in your sugarless custard?' inquired the neighbor statistically.

'Four to a quart of milk—then bake it another hour or until it is well risen in the middle.'

'And how about the bread pudding made with crumbs, not slices—since you are giving out information?' continued the neighbor.

'Oh, every cookbook tells you how. I like best a layer of jam, then my sugarless custard thickened with bread crumbs poured gently over, not to disturb the jam. Both these puddings, of course, lacking sugar, need a sauce, liquid for the jam pudding, and hard sauce for the bread and butter.'

'Thank you, dear, and good-bye,' said the neighbor. 'I'm going home to try some of these ways of using up stale bread.'

Orangeade.—Squeeze the juice from eight large, tart oranges, two large lemons and one small pineapple. Add to the fruit juices two quarts of water, and sweeten to taste. The best way to extract the juice from the pineapple is to peel and shred it, cover it with sugar and let it stand for several hours. Then drain off the juice, rinse the fruit with a part of the water, in order that no flavor be wasted, and put the pulp through a fruit press to save what remains.

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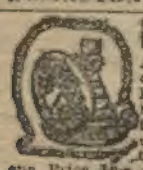

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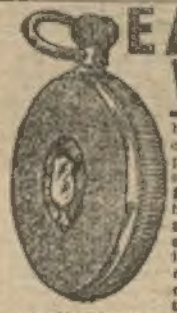

EARN THIS WATCH

by selling at **10c.** each only **10** packages of Ancient Chinese blue black **Ink Powder** and securing a few more agents for us. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth), of superior ink. It is **so cheap and useful** that **everybody buys.** This handsome watch has polished **silver nickel** open face **case,** the back **elaborately engraved,** with keyless wind imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. With care **it will last ten years.** Write to-day and we will send the 10 packages postpaid. **You can** sell them and **earn this Watch in a few minutes.** Western Ink Co **Box N. Y.** Toronto.

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14 inches high, with movable arms and legs. After allowing the spectators to examine it to prove there is no hidden mechanism you lay it on the table and ask someone to whistle a tune, when to the astonishment of everybody, the skeleton raises its head, and peers about cautiously, then slowly gets upon its feet and seeming to hear the music begins to dance. As the whistling becomes livelier so does the magic skeleton keeping time to the music. Affords hours of fun and completely mystifies everyone. Price, with directions, 10c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

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Full size, Golden Oak or Mahogany finish, highly polished, embossed leather **cobbler seat,** brass trimmings and carved back, a most substantial, **comfortable** and handsome piece of furniture given **absolutely free** for selling at **15c.** each only 10 handsome Jewelry novelties, Lockets, Cuff Links, Brooches, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Each piece of Jewelry looks worth 50c. At our price 15c. they sell like hot cakes. This elegant Rocker will cost you only a little of your spare time. Write to-day and we will send you the Jewelry postpaid. **We trust you. Canadian Premium Syndicate,** Dept. N. R., Toronto.

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